



11-21-1850

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 18): November 21, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 18): November 21, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 173.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/173

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1850.

NO. 18.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
R. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

WIFE AND HOME.

Let rakes extol a roving life,
Of freedom, prate, and all that;
Of noisy brawls, a scolding wife,
And doctor's bills, and all that;
Though fools may rail, and jest and scoff,
A wife's the thing, for all that.
The time, they'll find, is not far off
When they'll think for all that.

'Tis true, when youth and fortune smile,
And health is firm, and all that;
When wine, and song, and dance beguile,
Variety, and all that;
When every place, where'er you roam,
Has jolly friends, and all that;
You want for neither wife nor home,
Nor sympathy, nor all that.

But age comes on, with stealthy pace
And sober thought, and all that;
Trouble will show her frowning face,
Sickness and pain, and all that;
The feast, the bowl, will lose their powers,
And revelry, and all that;
Then shall we need, to cheer the hours,
A wife and home, and all that.

Oh! 'when misfortune clouds the brow,
Disease and death, and all that;
Then, 'woman, then an angel thou,
To soothe, and cheer, and all that;
Thy gentle cares beguile our pains,
Our sleepless nights, and all that;
Thy voice the sinking soul sustains
With hope, and trust, and all that.

MISCELLANY.

A STORY FOR WIVES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Come round to Guy's to-night, Ned,' said a young acquaintance to Edward Nichols, as they stood exchanging a few words at the corner of a street, where they had paused for a moment or two, ere taking their different ways homeward.

'What's to be done there?' inquired Nichols. 'Nothing very particular. But do you come round, and I'll promise you a pleasant evening. I believe I'll stay at home with my wife,' replied Nichols.

'Well, just as you like,' said the other. 'Happy to see you at Guy's; but if you find it more agreeable at home, stay there. Should the time, however, from any cause, hang heavy on your hands, just drop round and help us to spend an hour or two. My word for it, you'll find more than one agreeable companion.'

The young man parted, and Edward Nichols pursued his way homeward. The latter had been married about two years.

On entering the room where his wife was sitting, Nichols saw, with a feeling of disappointment, that there was a cloud upon her brow. The cloud had appeared so often, that he was getting discouraged.

'Is anything wrong, Margaret?' he asked kindly. 'No,' was the brief reply uttered in a complaining tone of voice.

Nichols sighed, and turning towards the window, which her babe lay sleeping, bent over it and looked down upon its pure, sweet face. 'Don't wake that child, Edward,' said his wife, in a fretful voice, 'I've been more than an hour trying to get her asleep!'

Nichols stood a moment or two, still gazing upon the tranquil face of the child, and then raised himself from his stooping posture, fixing his eyes, as he did so, upon the countenance of his wife. There was not an expression in it that a man could love. 'A peevish, unhappy temper had, for the time, absorbed every attraction. The husband felt repulsed. Leaving the room without remark, he went down to the parlor, and taking a book, sat and read until tea was announced.

There was no pleasant light in the face of Mrs. Nichols as she joined her husband at the table.

'Don't you feel well, Margaret?' he asked. 'My head aches,' was returned.

'I'm sorry. What has caused—'

'Dishwater!' ejaculated Mrs. Nichols, interrupting what her husband was about to say, and setting down the tea-pot she had lifted with a jar upon the tray. 'Such tea!' she added, as she took off the lid and looked within the tea-pot. Then she rung the table-bell, and the cook made her appearance.

'Haven't I told you over and over, Jane, not to fill up the tea-pot in this way? You've made tea enough for a dozen people, but it's as weak as dishwater. Here! Pour it out and draw fresh tea, and don't fill the pot more than a quarter full!'

Jane looked vexed at this sharp rebuke, but removed the tea.

Mrs. Nichols gave vent to a number of angry remarks about the trouble she had to get anything done right, and very amiably expressed the wish that her husband had the trial of housekeeping for a short time. He would, in that case, it was her opinion, have more sympathy with her.

Nichols was hurt at this gratuitous remark, but said nothing. He had no wish to make still heavier clouds that came between him and the bright sunshine, and experience told him that such would be the effect of almost anything he might utter.

Five unhappy minutes passed before Jane came in with the newly-made tea. Not a word had been spoken for nearly the whole of this time. But Mrs. Nichols' pent-up feelings could restrain themselves no longer.

'It's too bad,' she exclaimed, addressing the cook. 'I'm fed up with all patience with such doings. Pray, see that my wishes are better attended to in future.'

The girl muttered something as she retired, and Nichols and his wife were alone again. Both sat in silence, but very sprightly. On rising from the table, the wife went up to her chamber, while the husband took refuge in the parlor, and there sought to forget his uncomfortable sensations in the pages of an entertaining book. In this he was not successful. The pressure upon his feelings was too great. He loved his wife, and would have done almost anything to make her happy, but being of a cheerful temper himself and fond of social intercourse, he could neither comprehend nor be in-

different to her fretful, moody, unhappy states. They pained him exceedingly, and, at times, awakened thoughts in his mind, the knowledge of which would have been to his wife a more real cause of pain than any from which she gathered so much unhappiness.

While trying to find in the book he was reading a pleasant recreation, Mr. Nichols remembered the invitation of his young friend Anderson to meet him and some pleasant companions and pass an hour at Guy's tavern. His mind no longer took in the meaning of the sentences on the page before him. Soon after he closed the book, and, rising from his chair, walked for a short time about the rooms. There was a struggle in his mind between duty and inclination. He believed that it was his duty to remain at home with his wife, while inclination drew him strongly towards the friends at Guy's. Had his wife been in a pleasant mood; had she made home bright with the smiles of affection, both duty and inclination would have been on the same side. But, alas! this was not so. At home there was a repellent sphere; while, at a certain point away from home, there existed a strong attraction.

At length Nichols went up stairs with his mind made up to stay at home, if he found his wife in a more cheerful and companionable state, or to spend the evening at Guy's, if no change for the better were visible. On entering his wife's chamber, he found her at her work-stand engaged in sewing. She did not look up, nor speak.

'Does your head feel any better, Margaret?' he asked, kindly.

'No,' was the only response, made in a low, constrained voice.

It is not good for you to sew, if your head aches, resumed Mr. Nichols, still in a very kind voice.

But, to this no answer was given.

'I'm going out for a little while,' said Mr. Nichols.

'Well,' was the brief reply to this communication. And still she sewed on without once lifting her eyes from her work.

As Mr. Nichols was altogether in earnest, he turned away and left the room. The moment he did so, his wife let her work fall upon her lap, and raising her head, listened in an attitude of much interest. She heard her husband descend the stairs, pause at the hat-stand for his coat and hat, and then move along the hall, and finally, pass out through the street-door. The moment the jar of the door was heard, she burst into tears and wept bitterly. She did not again resume her work. For awhile, after her tears ceased to flow, she sat in a dreamy, reflective attitude.

'Ah me! she at length sighed—I wish I had more control over myself.'

On leaving his house, Edward Nichols proceeded direct to Guy's hotel. If there had been sunshine at home, there would have been no attraction for him abroad. If he could have found companionship in his wife, he would not have felt the least inclination for such dangerous companionship as he was now seeking.

'Is Mr. Anderson here?' inquired Nichols of the bar-keeper at Guy's.

'You'll find him at number eight,' was the answer. 'It's on the second floor, at the far end of the passage.'

To number eight Nichols repaired. As he approached the door, loud and merry voices were heard within. He did not hesitate to enter, for the voice of Anderson was distinguished among the rest.

Nichols entered, and found the individuals just mentioned, coming forward and grasping the hand of the new-comer. 'I thought you'd be here. Right glad am I to see you.'

Quite as warm as the welcome extended by three other young men, all of whom were acquaintances of Nichols. They were sitting around a table, on which were brandy and cigars.

'Help yourself,' said Anderson, placing a decanter and tumbler before Nichols.

The latter did not hesitate about complying with this request, but pouring out a stiff glass of brandy drank it off.

'Take a cigar,' was the next invitation. The cigar was accepted and lit. Nichols began to feel himself more and more at home every moment.

'What's the business on hand?' he inquired, after he had commenced smoking.

'To enjoy ourselves,' was replied.

At this moment a servant entered with a number of dishes on a tray, and commenced laying the table.

'Ah! some eating to be done, I see,' remarked Nichols.

'And some drinking in the bargain,' said one of the company, smiling.

'Hope you've come prepared with a good appetite.' This was said by Anderson.

'It's in a fair condition,' returned Nichols. 'Never fear but what I'll do my part.'

Soon the table was covered with oysters, cooked in various styles, terrapin and chicken salad, with all the condiments and accessories of a luxurious supper. To these were added two or three kinds of wine, also brandy and hot whisky punch.

Upon these the five young men, with appetites, went to work, exhibiting an eagerness, not to say greediness, such as may be seen in animals who have been a considerable time without food. As their appetites began to flag a little, they were sharpened by the punch or brandy.

'Good feeding this, Nichols,' said Anderson, coarsely, looking across the table at his friend, the invited guest.

'First rate,' replied Nichols, in a tone of voice that evinced the satisfaction he felt. 'How often do you meet to enjoy yourselves after this fashion?'

'About once a week.'

'Ah! so often?'

'Yes. Shall we put your name down as one of our number?'

'I don't know. I must think about it.'

'Say yes.'

'The temptation is certainly strong. Is the feeding always as good?'

'Always. And so is the drinking. Shall we put your name down?'

'Not now. I am a deliberate sort of a person. Slow to make up my mind on any subject.'

'Oh, well, take your time. But, if the arguments before you do not prove conclusive, I will set you down for an anchorite.'

In truth, the arguments were strong. But Nichols was not prepared to yield at once to their persuasions. He could not help thinking of the wife he had left at home; and, whenever her image arose in his mind, he lost, for

the moment, all pleasure in what was before him. Even with gay companions and the choicest things to tempt his appetite, he felt, that for him, a smiling, happy wife, with books, and a cheerful, loving social intercourse, were worth them all. In the midst of these sensual joys, he sighed for the purer and higher delights of home.

But as to repeated draughts of wine and brandy, were added the superabundant appropriations of rich food, both the mental and moral perceptions of Nichols became obtuse. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the supper party broke up, and the young men separated.

The lonely hours spent on that evening by Mrs. Nichols, were hours of self-communion, not unmingled with self-reproaches. 'She was conscious of not having made the home of her husband attractive; and yet she felt hurt that he should have gone away because she did not appear to be happy. Many things about the house had worried her through the day. In the morning she had felt nervous, and, instead of forcing down a spirit of complaint, had rather encouraged its approaches. This being so, evening found her completely under a cloud. Though glad at her husband's return, she failed to exercise a due self-control. She did not remand the evil spirit of complaint, but let it still reign over her.'

The consequence we have seen. Long before the hour of ten arrived, Mrs. Nichols began to look for her husband's return, and to wonder why he stayed so long. Ten o'clock at length came, and still he was away. She now began to hearken for approaching footsteps, and to listen for his well known tread among the many sounding feet that echoed along the pavement.

'What can keep him so late?' she asked herself, with a rising emotion of anxiety.

At length all became still in the street. The murmur of voices was hushed, and only now and then was heard the footfall of the solitary passenger.

Mrs. Nichols now began to feel alarmed as well as anxious. Never before had her husband staid out until so late an hour, unless he had given special notice of his intended absence. Where could he be? In vain she asked herself this question. Eleven o'clock came, and still he was away. As the watchman's voice, giving notice of the hour, came loud and shrill on the air, her babe awoke, and its cries filled the chamber. Some minutes were spent in hushing it to sleep, and then the troubled wife stood again at the window, listening for the footsteps of her husband.

Hark! Surely that is his tread! And yet in something it differs therefrom. It lacks the evenness and firmness of his step. Nearer to the window bends the anxious wife; and now she is listening with breathless eagerness. It must be her husband; yet why should there be a change in his walk? He is at the door. He has paused. Mrs. Nichols's face is pressed close to the window pane. Her eyes are striving to pierce the darkness, but she sees nothing. Hark! Yes! It is her husband. He has ascended the steps, and now she distinctly hears the rattle of his night key in the lock. Why does he not enter? What keeps him so long at the door? It is not locked against him.

At last the entrance was effected. The door swung heavily open, and struck against the wall with a jar. Then a shuffling sound of feet was heard, and then the door closed with a loud bang. By this time the heart of Mrs. Nichols was throbbing with a new and strange fear. What could this mean? Eagerly she listened as her husband moved along the passage and came with a kind of lumbering noise up the stairs. A moment or two, and the door of her chamber was thrown open and he came in. 'One glance was sufficient.' It revealed the startling truth that he had come home in a state of intoxication.

'Good evening, Mistress Nichols!' said he, as he staggered in. 'I hope to find you in a better humor than you were at tea-time.' He spoke sarcastically.

The poor, stricken wife could not utter a word. She stood, as if fixed to the spot, her cheek blanched, and an expression of the deepest grief on her countenance.

'Hope you've enjoyed yourself,' he continued, as he sunk into a chair, his head falling on one side almost to his shoulder.

'I have! Enjoyed myself first-rate. Prime oysters and terrapin; wine, brandy, punch, and good fellowship. First-rate. Better than moping at home with a wife in the dumps! Didn't intend to go. Said I would not. Liked home best—that is, when the good lady is in a good humor. Happened she wasn't. So went to Guy's. First-rate oysters and terrapin—Didn't promise to go again; but guess I will. Eh, Magsy! What do you say. Got over your pet? Any sunshine yet? I like sunshine—always did. But clouds and thunder, pugh! They're my especial horror.'

Mrs. Nichols could bear this no longer. Tears gushed from her eyes, and she covered her face with her hands and wept violently.

'That's always the way,' said Nichols, fretfully. 'Always crying or scolding; or looking as if you hadn't a friend in the world. I'm getting sick of this. But no matter. No crying, no gloomy looks at Guy's. That's the place for a man to enjoy himself!'

'Edward! Edward!' exclaimed the wretched wife, now approaching her husband, and laying her hand upon his arm. 'Don't talk in this way, or you'll kill me!'

'No danger,' he replied, coarsely. 'A woman isn't so easily killed. She's got as many lives as a cat. But say, Mags! Have you any brandy in the house? I must have one more glass to-night.'

And Nichols arose, but, in doing so, he reeled across the room and fell upon the bed, where he remained, and was soon snoring loud in a drunken slumber.

Oh! what a wretched night was that for poor Mrs. Nichols. Wretched beyond conception. With great difficulty she succeeded in removing her husband's clothes, and getting him covered up in bed. Then, unable herself to sleep, she passed the greater part of the time till morning in weeping or self-reproaches.

There had existed for Mrs. Nichols no real cause of unhappiness out of herself. Her husband, though not wealthy, was in good circumstances, and supplied every reasonable want she could desire. He was, moreover, a kind, cheerful, even-tempered man, domestic in his habits and feeling, and rather more disposed to seek intellectual than sensual pleasures. Of social intercourse he was fond. With such a husband, it would seem that almost any woman

could be happy; and Mrs. Nichols was happy, in her way. She loved and respected her husband, but, unfortunately for both her peace of mind and his, she was naturally of a fretful temper, which, by long indulgence, had grown into a disease; moreover, she had not the best of health; but indifferent health was most dependent on mental causes. It required only a little thing to disturb the even current of her feelings; and when this current was once disturbed, it took some time for it to run clear.

Hardly any thing could have been more incongenial to Mr. Nichols than the April-day life he had led since his marriage. He had no confidence in the smile of the morning, for too often the brightest smiles were drowned in tears at his evening return. Thus it had been going on for two years, and Mr. Nichols was getting discouraged. Instead of gaining self-control, his wife seemed to be losing the little portion she had possessed at the time of their marriage. The consequences growing out of one of her periodical fits of despondency and ill-humor, we have just described.

Ere this, though her husband had never complained, Mrs. Nichols had often felt that it was wrong to give way so much to her feelings; and she had often tried to force back the unhappy spirits that came intruding themselves into her mind. But it was hard to break a long-continued habit. Her resistance was feeble, and the barriers she sought to interpose, quickly swept away.

The rebuking words of her husband, uttered in his drunken, unreflective state, dragged the veil from before her eyes, and gave her to see the true relation she bore him, and how she had been gradually alienating him from herself and home. And the dreadful consequences of that alienation! How the thought made her shudder.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Nichols had no inclination for sleep; nor that she spent most of the hours of that dreadful night in tears.

It was long past day-light when Mr. Nichols awoke. The sun was shining brightly into the room from the open curtains; but all was silent. He raised himself up and looked around. On a sofa-lay his wife asleep. Tears were glistening on her pale cheeks. His head ached, and his mind was confused. Some moments elapsed before he was able to comprehend the meaning of what he saw and felt. Gradually, then, the memory of his evening's debauch grew distinct, and there was a faint recollection of what he said to his wife on coming home.

With a deep sigh, the unhappy man threw himself back upon his pillow; that sigh penetrated the ears of his wife, and she started up with an answering sigh. Nichols perceived this, and let his lids fall—feigning slumber. He saw nothing, but he heard his wife approaching—he felt her breath upon his forehead, as she bent over him. What was that upon his cheek, the sudden touch of which sent a thrill along his nerves? It was a tear! A stifled sob was now heard; and then his wife moved from the bedside.

Oh, how wretched they both were! Oh, how intensely did both shrink from the moment when they should look into each other's conscious faces! Shame, deep shame and mortification were in the heart of one; and self-reproaches and fear in the heart of the other.

For full half an hour did Nichols continue to feign sleep. He could not make up his mind to meet his wife after the debauch he had indulged in the previous night, and for which he now heartily-despised himself.

'Ah!' he sighed, as he lay musing over the unhappy aspect of affairs; 'if Margaret would only control herself a little more. If she would only make home the pleasant place it should be, nothing could tempt me abroad into such companionship.'

At length, as he lay with such thoughts filling his mind, a sigh moved his lips, and forgetting that he was acting a part, his eyes unclosed. Mrs. Nichols was standing near, looking upon his face.

'Are you not well, Edward?' she asked, stepping to the bedside quickly and laying her hand gently upon his forehead. Her voice was low, earnest and tender.

'Not very well, dear,' returned Nichols, in a subdued manner, his lids falling upon his cheeks as he spoke.

Mrs. Nichols pressed her lips to his forehead, and then laid her face, now wet with tears, against his.

Thus was the matter reconciled between them, and never after was there the remotest allusion thereto. Days passed before the pressure on both their feelings was sufficiently removed to permit their hearts to beat lightly; yet, during the time, they were particularly kind towards and considerate of each other.

In due time, the sunshine came back again, and it was a more permanent sunshine. Stronger reasons for self-control were seen to exist by Mrs. Nichols than were before apparent to her mind, and she called into exercise a strength of purpose that made her effort successful. Was she not herself happier, independent of the effect upon her husband? Yes, far happier. The fretful spirits were cast out of their places. A new habit of feeling was established.

'Why, Nichols!' said the young man named Anderson, meeting him about two months afterwards, 'Where do you keep yourself these pleasant evenings?'

'At home,' returned Nichols.

'Come round and join us in a supper at Guy's to-morrow night. Marsden's to be one of the company.'

Nichols shook his head and said 'No,' in a very unequivocal manner.

'Didn't get a certain-lecture last time, I hope,' said Anderson, with rude familiarity. 'Shouldn't wonder, for you went home a little high.'

'Oh, no offence,' said Anderson, seeing that his familiarity was not well received. 'I only spoke in jest. But come round to-morrow night. As I mentioned, Marsden will be there; and you know he's all sorts of a fine fellow.'

Marsden had better stay at home with his family as I shall do,' returned Nichols.

'I rather guess he finds almost any place more agreeable than home,' replied Anderson.

'Why so?'

'They say his wife is as peevish and fretful as a person can well be. A woman who is ever grumbling and whom nobody can please for an hour together.'

'That's speaking rather broadly.' 'I know. But the plain truth is, as far as I can learn, that she doesn't make home attractive for her husband, and so he goes abroad for better companionship.'

'It's a pity,' Mr. Nichols responded, then adding a 'good day,' he parted from his pleasure-loving young friend, and kept on his way homeward, where the sunshine had come back again.

Does our little story need a word to enforce the lesson to wives that we would teach?—Men, especially those who are cheerful and companionable, have many temptations to go abroad and mingle with the pleasure-seeking. Let wives who have good home-loving, temperate husbands, remember this, and let them not fail to repress a peevish, fretful, fault-finding temper, if inclined thereto, for nothing will so surely estrange a man from home as this. There are hundreds of men who go abroad to spend their evenings in taverns and political meetings, who would never think of leaving their homes, and going out after nightfall, if a cheerful fire blazed on their own hearth-stone.

Adventure with a Pirate.

There lived, not many years ago, on the eastern shore of Mt. Desert, a large island off the coast of Maine, an old fisherman, by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burthen, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go, about once a year, to the Grand Banks for the purpose of catching codfish. The old man had five things, upon the peculiar merits of which he loved to boast—his schooner, 'Betsy Jenkins'; and his four sons. The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found for fifty miles around. The oldest was thirty-two, while the youngest had just completed his twenty-sixth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John, and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons set off putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana, with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off their starboard quarter, which, after some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with a very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under the stern.

'That means for us to heave to,' remarked the old man.

'Then I guess we'd better do it, hadn't we?' said Seth.

'Of course.' Accordingly the Betsy Jenkins was brought up into the wind, and her mainboom hauled over to windward.

'Now, boys,' said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, 'all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape that I can see now, but perhaps if we are civil they will take such stuff as they want, and then let us go. At any rate there is no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now, as you are all here, and your knives ready, be sure and hide them so that the pirates shall see no show of resistance. In a few moments all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were secured about the persons of our four sons, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

'One word more, boys,' said the old man, just as the pirate came round under the stern. 'Now watch every movement I make, and be ready to jump the moment I speak.'

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking, the pirate lurched up under the lee-quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was gazed by the presence of a dozen as savage looking mortals as eyes ever rested upon.

'Are you the captain of this vessel?' asked the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old man.

'Yes, sir.'

'What is your cargo?'

'Machinery for steam engines.'

'Nothing else?' asked the pirate, with a searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the southward and eastward, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

'Well, there is a little something else.'

'And what is it?'

'Why, sir, I praps I hadn't ought to tell,' said Captain Spinnet, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. 'You see, 'twas given me as a sort of trust, and 'twouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I s'pose I can't help myself.'

'You are an honest coddler, at any rate,' said the pirate; 'but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where it lays.'

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and, in a deprecating tone, he muttered—

'Don't kill me, sir, don't. I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes, and stowed away under some of the boxes just forward of the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Defoe didn't suspect that anybody would have thought of looking for it there.'

'Perhaps so,' chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few moments the pirate had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the 'silver dollars,' they forgot all else; but not so with Spinnet; he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys.

'Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you slap your knife across the fore-throat and peak back yards, an' you, John, cut the main. Be quick, now, an' the moment you've done it, jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grapplings, an' then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. Now for it.'

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they had been directed. The fore and main hatches were cut, and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gale

came rattling down, our heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt her liberty, her head swung off, and before the astonished buccaniers could gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel, was half a cable's length to leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

'Holloa, there!' shouted Capt. Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded about the lee gangway of their prize, 'when you find them cro silver dollars, just let us know, will you!'

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm; and, crowding on all sail, he made for the vessel, and had discovered, which lay dead to leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a remarkably short space of time Spinnet luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indianman, bound for Charleston, having, all told, thirty men on board, twenty of whom at once jumped into the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark Captain Spinnet was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and, raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted:

'Schooner ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?'

'Come and try it!' returned the pirate captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

MISCELLANY.

Why Fish can't Live out of Water.

My dear little Boys and Girls.—You will, perhaps, think it odd to inquire why fish die when they are taken out of the fluid in which they have hitherto lived? But this inquiry is one which will be useful to us, if, in seeking for the answer, we are led to a better acquaintance with any of God's wonderful works. George admits he is somewhat puzzled; but Kate, and Sarah Anne, and Joe, have given a ready answer; but the readiest reply is often the most erroneous, and hasty conclusions are seldom in accordance with truth. And so it is in this instance. George says he does not know, and is determined to inquire further; while some of the rest of my young audience, like many older heads, having got hold of a plausible answer, are satisfied with it, and examine the matter no more. Kate and her party say that the fish dies for want of water, and they laugh at their grandpapa for expressing an opinion that it dies for want of air. "Grandpapa must be joking," say they; "because a fish has more air than it ever had when it is taken out of the water, so it can't die for want of breath."

In one of my earliest lectures, I told you the story of a boy who caught a little minnow, and put it into a bottle, in which it lived very comfortably for a short time; but that one day its young keeper corked the bottle for a while, upon which the little fish quickly died. It has been observed, moreover, that if the mouth of the globe in which gold fishes are confined, is covered with varnished silk, and the surface of the water thus excluded from the air, that the fish soon manifest signs of uneasiness, and shortly afterwards die. It is related that some wicked men once stole a large quantity of oil from a gentleman's warehouse, and hid the barrels, in which the liquid was contained, by sinking them in some fishponds in the vicinity. The oil escaped, and, floating, spread itself as a thin layer over the surface of the pond, and, in a few hours afterwards, a large number of the fish were found to be dead. The oil excluded the air from the surface of the pond, and the fish were suffocated—as was also the minnow in the boy's bottle. They died for want of air. But some of you reiterate the objection, that if fishes required air, they would live best where they had the most—namely, when taken out of the water. If you will give me your attention for a few minutes, I will endeavor to explain to you how it is that the breathing apparatus of the fish, though exquisitely adapted to act upon the air contained in water, becomes inefficient when exposed to dry air.

Fishes breathe by their gills—those curious bright red fingers which lie under the plates on each side of their head. These organs correspond to our lungs, and decompose the air exposed to them in the current of water taken in at the mouth, and pushed back through the openings of the side of the neck. If you watch the gold fish in the globe you will find that they are constantly opening and shutting their mouths—in fact, breathing. While the water containing air, is thus driven past and between the blood-vessels of the gills, the blood is forced into these organs by the action of the heart, which is constructed upon the most perfect form of a force-pump.

The gills, or lungs of fishes, are formed of an immense number of small blood-vessels, or capillaries, arranged in loops like fringe, and covered with a thin and transparent membrane, resembling gold-beater's skin. This membrane loses its transparency when it becomes dry, and in drying, contracts, and thus impedes the circulation of the blood through the fringe of vessels. Moreover, the blood in its passage through the gills, when the fish is out of water, dries up, and becomes thickened, and unfit to circulate. You will now see how it is that the organs become unable to abstract oxygen from the air, and how it happens that the fish can no longer breathe. It dies from suffocation, or want of air.

The power of living out of the water, nevertheless, extraordinarily in different species, is traceable to the peculiar requirements of the animal in its native element. The fishes which are in the habit of swimming near the surface of the water, require, and consume much oxygen, and hence die almost immediately when taken out of the water; on the other hand, those fish which live near the bottom of the water, or in the mud, have comparatively small requirements for oxygen, and sustain life for a long while after they are caught. The proverb, "Dead as a herring," has probably arisen from the suddenness of the death of that fish upon its removal from the water. Mr. Yarrell states that perch (a common fresh-water species) has an extraordinary power of retaining life; and that these fish are "constantly exhibited in the markets of Catholic countries, and if not sold, are taken back to the ponds, from which they were removed in the morning, to be re-produced another day." A rare little fish, known by the name of the Anglessea morris, has been known to live after having been carried in brown paper in a gentleman's pocket for three hours. The carp, a common resident in the ponds of the West of England, is also singularly tenacious of life, as might be anticipated from its ground-haunting habits. Your grandfather, when a boy, was present on an occasion when the water was "let off" from a large fish-pond, in which were a great number of this mud-loving fish, and about fifty of the smaller fry were given to him. They were packed in a basket with damp straw, carried a distance of more than ten miles, and after being out of water for nearly three hours, on a fine warm day, were found to be alive at the end of their journey. They were turned into a small pond, when five or six only, out of the whole number, were discovered to be unable to resume their ordinary activity.

The class of animals called *Fishes* are, for the most part, *oviparous*. The term is derived from two words, meaning "egg," and "to be born;" it signifies that the young are produced from eggs. Almost every person has seen the roe of the common herring. This is a mass of eggs, and would take you a very long time to count its contents. In a common perch, weighing half a pound, the number of eggs was discovered to be no less than two hundred and eighty thousand! While in a moderate-sized cod-fish, it is estimated that the number is usually several thousands of thousands!

These arrangements for the re-production of the species, prove how necessary the animals are; for such a provision for their multiplication would not have been made unless they fulfilled some important part in the great system of nature. What that part—or what the purpose of the Creator in so carefully guarding against the extinction—may be, has not yet been discovered, and must be left for the enlightenment of future time to determine. In the meanwhile, let us learn patiently to use such light as may be given to us, assured that the most significant portions of the great realm of nature, are necessary and important parts of a grand scheme which ministers to our benefit and joy. Yet let us not arrogate to ourselves the sole rights to happiness in this beautiful scene, but remember that the lowliest thing has, in its sphere, a happiness of its own, that we have no right, in mere sport, to destroy—Grandfather Whitehead's Lectures.

Woman's Place in Society.

The following remarks on the recent Woman's Rights Convention at Worcester are from the Christian Inquirer:—

We should admire the candor, did it not also mark the conceit, with which it is admitted by some of the most active Woman's Rights advocates, that the Bible is rather heretical upon this subject. So confident are the friends of this movement of the strength of their position, that they would rather not have any sacred authority for it, to divide the honor of the approaching victory with them. The champions of this cause are willing to devote their superfluous strength to disproving the inspirations of the Scriptures, or to removing any other verity which is inconsistent with their cardinal doctrine—the identity of the sexes. A little piquant skepticism doubtless gives a zest to reform, and we can readily conceive the fascination of montrosity leading women to coquet with infidelity. Abolitionism would lose no small part of its popularity, should it become more modest and reverential towards religion, and the Woman's Rights question would be tame indeed, if it did not afford a platform upon which people could grow eloquent, by shocking the veneration of the public.

The women of this country will not thank their talkative sisters, who assume to represent the sex, for the exhibition they have made of their claims. They know too well where their strength and influence lies, to wish to risk it in a competition to which they are so unequal. We do not doubt that women exert a far larger influence than men over society in its present constitution. They do in their present position, a thousand times better than they could in the position some of them seek, the very work for which they are demanding to be admitted to an identity with men. Their rights are ten times more sacred as the objects of man's care, than they could be when self-asserted. They are better off, and society is better off for them as downright women, than they possibly could be as female men. Their present position in society is no more emphatically distinguished from men's, than their physical and constitution is. God made them male and female, and instead of abolishing the distinction, a true culture and refinement only increases it. Women are most like men in a savage state. A more thorough development, a more Christian culture, brings out into bolder relief the essential differences between them, and unfolds more beautifully the reason of the dissimilarity. There is a mischievous tendency in the democratic spirit of the times, to sacrifice the essential and divine distinctions among natures and things on the altar of equality. But a truer philosophy and a meeker faith recognize the rich variety, and thorough diversities in persons and objects established by the Creator. Woman is man's partner, not his rival—the complement, not the double of his being. It is not to her depravity to deny her what would add nothing to her worth, while it would destroy her fitness for her place in a perfect order of society—the mental energy, the creative power, the sustained strength of reasoning which distinguishes man. She is not fitted for public life. It is ridiculous to ascribe this sentiment to the jealousy of the stronger sex. It is not from fear of competition, but from fear of losing the charm of the world; from love of woman, not from jealousy, that man so earnestly contends that she is now in her place. He knows himself and the world well enough to thank God that woman is not like him, or exposed to his lot. It is tenderness to her, and an enlightened self-love, that unite to make him disgusted with the first signs of a metamorphosis of women into men.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that the most truly illustrious women repel with indignation the idea that their claim to equality is to be defended with the sacrifice of the appropriate graces of their sex. A true woman is jealous of the peculiar rights of her sex—and among them she reckons the right of being a woman, and not a man. Rights imply duties, and freedom from certain duties is one of the most precious rights of women. The immorality and rashness with which duties not assigned to them are sought by some women, give poor indications of any appropriate sense of the difficulties and importance of discharging those distinctly imposed by Providence. The women that want to be men, in everything but sex, are likely to be among that "strong-minded" order that neither their own nor the other half of creation love in respect.

Pay the Mechanic.

The rich man who employs a mechanic, does not know how much inconvenience, loss of time and expense he exposes him, by neglecting to pay an undisputed bill, on presentation. Without going too deep into the subject, let us propose a very simple example of common occurrence. A mechanic undertakes a job, for which his honest charge is fifty dollars. It is done to the satisfaction of his employer. He expects his pay on the presentation of a bill. Why should he not receive it? He has no bank credit; he pays cash for stock, and he pays cash for labor. He has been employed for a week on that job, with two or three journeymen, besides furnishing the raw material, paying shop rent and other expensive contingencies. Why should he be asked to wait six months or a year for his money? He must pay his hands on Saturday, provide for his family during the week, pay for his stock, and lay up something against rent day. Is it reasonable—is it just, that his ready employer should ask him to wait for his pay until his convenient time, when cash is scarce—when 3 per centum a month is not to be had on the loan of money that belongs to others, or which ought to be appropriated to the payment of honest debts, instead of sleeping and fattening on post notes—or contributing to the artificial wants of his family—or gratifying a reckless spirit of speculation in visionary stocks? Is it righteous, is it just, that a man of supposed wealth should do this, and leave the honest and hard working mechanic to the mercies of small creditors, the importunities of journeymen and the rapacity of usurious extortioners? Certainly not.—Investigator.

The Captain's Story.

Some twenty years ago, I was coming from Calcutta in a good ship, I then commanded; I had been away from home eleven months, during which time, I had heard no news thence, either private or public. Off Barnegat, we fell in with a fishing smack, having on board a man and a boy, father and son. We wanted some fresh fish, and the father coming on board, we soon made a bargain with him, receiving in exchange for a real Indian bandanna handkerchief, a plentiful supply.

"Well, skipper," said I, after the barter was over, "what's the news?" He nodded his head thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, "Potatoes is twenty-five cents a bushel!"

"Is it possible?" I asked, "but the news, friend, what is the news?"

"Wal," said he, "there was a great crop on 'em last fall!"

"Never mind the potatoes," I replied, "tell us the news—what is going on in the political world?"

"Politik!" said the fisherman, standing si-

lently for a few moments. "Politik! d'ye see that fellow in my boat yonder?" pointing to his son, a mop-headed fellow of eighteen, "wal, captain, that 'ere chap made two hundred dollars last winter!"

There was no use in trying to get anything out of him, so we parted. Three or four years after, on my return from another voyage coming on the same coast, I again met this fisherman. He remembered me, took the identical bandanna I had given him, waved it with a cheer above his head, and swore I should have the best and biggest of all the fish he had. I made another purchase of him, and was again anxious for the news.

"What's the news?" I inquired; "who's President?"—it was just after a general election.

Said the fisherman, "D'ye recollect my boy, that I had in a smack with me—the one who made two hundred dollars?"

"Yes," said I.

"Wal!" he replied, his hard eyes becoming watery, "the little cuss is dead."

"And that," said the captain in conclusion, "is all I ever got out of the fisherman of Barnegat."

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

DECAYED SENSIBILITIES.—Mr. and Mrs. Brayton had quarreled for nearly half an hour, when both quieted down as if by consent. Neither had spoken a word for some ten minutes. Mr. Brayton fumbled over a paper and pretended to read it. Mrs. Brayton patted the carpet with her pretty foot. Brayton, at last, ventured to observe, "My dear, isn't the gas leaking somewhere, there is such an odor in the room?" "It isn't the gas," replied Mrs. Brayton, almost choking. "What can it be then, my dear?" "Why, it is your decayed sensibilities," and Mrs. Brayton burst into tears.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....NOV. 21, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

A. B. LORREY, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

The Exhibition of Fowl.

O, fashion!—and improvement!—and reform, even! What deeds are done in thy various names, and under thy broad cloaks!—"Birds of a feather flocked together" in olden times; and of right they did so. What but this adage, that must have been the offspring of a regal brain, could have saved the royal plumage of the bird of Jove from dwindling to that of the simple grey goose that cackled for Rome? But the puritanical idea, the degrading democratic notion, that scrapes feathers together with as little regard to caste or blood as was found in the ark!—this is too American! Where is the true blood, and how can we get back to first principles? O, for a lineal descendant of the noble bird that crowed for Nelson!—or a single feather that could trace its ancestry to the egg that came in the Mayflower! What a sacrifice of all proper distinctions! what a triumph of all the vagaries of republicanism! when the petty bantam and the untutored barnyard rooster are permitted to crow over the royal cockerel that has untraced blood from Britain's noblest hencoops!—and when the shrewdest genealogist cannot distinguish the high-fied and high-born "cock of the walk" from the humblest fowl that flics his living from the swill tub! Alas, and alas! that we are no longer to look for heraldry in hen-coops—without crossing the Atlantic! This is the fault of the age, and who shall help it!

How this crowing of cocks—and quacking of ducks—and babbling of geese—and gobbling of turkeys, carries one back to his boyhood! We remember when we bartered two pullets for a jackknife, and got a whipping to boot. In those days the hen trade was monopolized by the boys; and now the dignitaries of the land whittle up as many sticks in swapping a Dorking for a Creole, as two Yankees would in trading a full blood Morgan for a Messenger. This too is the fault of the age—its commercial spirit! There was a time when a single mulberry tree sold for a thousand dollars; and now a Wild Indian hen brings one hundred.

But here in these coops, what a record of the march of improvement! where every degree of grade, and every change of name, and every additional toe, is counted as a mile stone in the progress! But a few years ago a hen was a hen, and nothing more. Now the simple hen is forgotten, in the rage for choice breeds. The "latest improvement" is about as tangible as the "more last words" of Davy Crockett. We have nearly forgotten the beautiful Bantam, the graceful Dorking, the pretty Top-knot, and the stately Spanish; and now we look for the Shanghai, the Cochinchina, the Chittagong, the Great Malay, the Spangled Hamburg, the Silver Pheasant, and lastly the Wild Indian Game Fowl. We have here all the former, and who shall say how many of the latter? We believe all but the Chittagong and Wild Indian. We have all colors, from the pure white to the equally pure black; and all sizes from one pound to ten.—We have more than five hundred in number, arranged in little less than one hundred apartments. We have geese and ducks, turkeys and hens, enclosed in as great a variety of coops as can be found between Phenix Building and Ticonic Bridge. And their owners seem as various, both in plumage and substance, as the birds themselves. All classes of men, as well as all kinds of fowl, have an interest in the show. The farmers have less than their share, while each profession and calling asserts its claims. The day is fine, the attendance good, and the exhibition as a whole successful beyond the expectations of those who planned and carried it out. It will do much, without doubt, to advance the interest so generally felt

in improving the stock of domestic fowl. Truly it is a most beautiful exhibition.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Exhibition at China Academy.

MR. EDITOR:—I had the pleasure of attending the recent public Exhibition of the scholars of China Academy, on Friday evening last, and desire to say a word or two in regard to it and the institution.

By the recent catalogue of the school, issued at the Mail office, I find the number of students for the past year to be 119,—a goodly number for so small a place. The Academy appears to be in a very flourishing condition; and under the management of its late preceptor, Mr. Wm. H. HUMPHREY, has improved much. It is pleasantly located, and offers fine inducements to those desirous of acquiring a sound classical education at a comparatively low expense.

The Exhibition was calculated to make a favorable impression upon the friends of the school. It would take too much room to particularize; but the single pieces, original and selected, of the young gentlemen, were of a happy choice, and promptly and gracefully delivered. The Latin, Greek, and French pieces were delivered in an easy and unembarrassed manner, and were pronounced by those "who knew," to be exceedingly well done.—The dialogues went off in fine style. That of "The Moustaches" elicited much laughter, besides hitting a few. The ladies took an active part, and added much to the interest of the occasion. In the dialogue, or more properly scene, of the examination of the candidate for school mistress, composed wholly of ladies, they conducted their parts in a most pleasing and happy manner. Owing to the dense crowd, and the noise incident to it, it was impossible to catch all they said, but enough was heard to give a good idea of the piece, and the rest I saw. The exercises throughout were conducted in a manner highly creditable to teachers and pupils. The pleasures of the evening were very appropriately closed by the presentation of a gold pencil to the Principal, by the young ladies of the school, through one of their number, in a neat and well composed speech. The fair speaker paid a just tribute of praise to the faithfulness and efficiency of their tutor, and expressed regret that his connexion with the school had probably ceased forever.

I understand that seven or eight young men in this school design entering college the ensuing year.

Fobos.

We received the following by letter from Boston:

Died, in Boston, Nov. 12th, Orlando Howard, son of the late Eliza Howard, formerly of Waterville, aged 16 years and 6 months. The circumstances connected with this young man's sickness and death were peculiarly trying and afflictive. He died in four days after his return from California, of a fever contracted while on his passage home. He left his widowed mother and sisters to mourn the loss of an only son and affectionate brother; and one whom they hoped would return to them in health, to cheer their hearts and home with his presence. He lived only to receive the sympathy and attentions of his friends in his last moments, who watched anxiously by his side, hoping that the "hand of the Destroyer" might be stayed. But, alas! no human arm could save him from that fatal disease; and though he murmured not, yet he expressed a desire to live for his mother's sake. But God's providence is mysterious; and although his life was not spared, yet his friends have this consolation, that they were permitted to be with him as the curtain of death closed around the last scene of his earthly existence and his spirit returned to God who gave it.

Our Walk with Subscribers Abroad, has been suspended for two weeks for want of time. We shall start out again to-morrow, and as fast as we find time we shall show them through all parts of the village.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The December number, with 12 extra pages, and some fine embellishments, has just been received. For 1851, the reduced prices to clubs will be continued, while the quantity of reading matter will be increased. No expense shall be spared in the way of embellishments. The fashion plates shall be in advance of every cotemporary, and will be, in addition, beautiful pictures. Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, the author of "Mary Derwent," "Palaces and Prisons," "Julia Warren," "Malina Gray," &c., will continue to edit the work, which is a guarantee that it will be the most readable of the Magazines. In 1851, a new feature will be introduced, in a series of National stories, located in different sections of the Union, and depicting manners and traditions North, South, East and West. The January number will be out by the 1st of December, and will be an annual in itself. Recollect, the terms of this Magazine are but two dollars a year, to clubs, three copies for five dollars, or eight copies for ten dollars, with a choice of two large sized premium pictures to the person getting up the club. Address, C. J. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. A specimen can be seen at this office, and it can be had at C. K. Mathews.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS BROTHER JONATHAN.—We have received an early copy of this grand holiday pictorial sheet, and it is really a curiosity in the way of printings. The stupendous size of the paper and the large and finely drawn pictures can not fail to delight and astonish every body. There are three grand original features, viz: "The Sewing Girl's Christmas Dream;" "President Taylor's Death Bed," and the "Country Girl's Career in New York." To say nothing of the multitude of other good things in the Jonathan, these spirited pictures must ensure for it an immense sale. The subscription cost is only 12 cents per single copy—ten for one dollar. Wilson & Co., New York, are the publishers.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Locomotive Boiler Explosions.

The locomotive boiler was formerly looked upon by all competent judges as certain never to explode. The celebrated Lardner, in his valuable work on the Steam Engine, gives the strongest assurances that when the water falls to a low point in the boiler, the result is merely the unsoldering of a tube or so, and the leakage puts out the fire; and it is a fact, that in former years a locomotive explosion seldom if ever occurred. The putting out of the fire from the above cause was a common occurrence, and of consequence attended with much delay and inconvenience, subjecting the engineer to severe censure for neglect of duty. The only excuse the engineer could file in justification, presenting a shadow of reason, was that the coppersmith soldered his tubes with rather soft solder; and at a moment when he wished to perform some wonderful feat of speed with his engine, by dashing water upon hot iron, this act of recklessness was unfortunately exposed by heating his boiler one degree of heat above the fusing point of the solder. This fire was consequently extinguished, bringing his engine to a halt midway the track—an awkward predicament. To prevent the recurrence of so mortifying a case, it was only necessary to braze up the tubes with a little harder solder. The coppersmith, in his efforts to supply this so-called defect, in accordance with the wish of the engineer, and his own good reputation in the manufacture, has raised the point of fusion of his solder actually above the red heat of iron, or above the degree of heat that explodes boilers; and the frequent or almost daily accounts of exploding locomotive boilers prove the fact. This is an answer to the inquiry, why locomotive boiler explosions are so common, when in former years they seldom if ever occurred. All explosions result from a low state of water in the boiler, and so long as engineers entertain the opinion that steam is generated with greater rapidity with water low in the boiler, explosions must be of frequent occurrence, unless the late wholesome law is observed. When enforced, I would inquire, if it is possible to overheat the boiler? The lead plug placed in the boiler, compels the engineer to the prompt and faithful performance of his duty; and this safeguard stands between him and danger, an undeviating measure of the value of his services. I would inquire if a discreet engineer would willingly run an engine without this wholesome provision? A boiler recently burst on the A. & K. Railroad, wounding the engineer, a fireman, and a passenger. Had the boiler been provided with the fusible plug no doubts could have arisen as to the proper supply of water in the boiler, and the engineer would have been free from all possible censure as to a deficiency of water. He stands now deprived of the advantage of this infallible witness of his care and fidelity. I would inquire if railroad responsibilities are not increased in consequence of running the engines in open violation of law? A wounded engineer or fireman would have some seeming justification in asking a remuneration for broken limbs.

We have received from T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, part 2d of a delightful story of the sea, entitled "Cruising in the Last War." It is written by C. J. Peterson, and portrays in a life-like manner some of the stirring scenes on the ocean during an eventful period of our country's history. It will be found at the bookstores; price 25 cts.

We have also received from the same publisher, Charles Lever's new work, "Horace Templeton," a most interesting work. Price 50 cts.

BRING IN A DICTIONARY.—The editor of the Clarion, who always keeps an honest eye to the cause of temperance, advises his readers to visit Baldwin's exhibition of tricks of legerdemain and sleight of hand, because it is "conducted on temperance principles." The temperance cause is getting broad shoulders, brother Littlefield—eh? Probably Baldwin drinks no liquor at less than ninepence a glass. This savor a little too much of the "Jenny Lind icht ointment."

IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE. Woodbine, the negro who was concerned in so many burglaries in Bangor, last season, has recently been convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for life.

So say the papers. The extreme severity of the Court is explained by the fact that this "nigger" was one of the blackest kind, with a very flat nose and tremendous long heels. We believe all his white accomplices have escaped.

Hunt, the whig candidate, is elected Governor of N. York.

Redding & Co. Boston, have published a beautiful Railroad Map of New England, Canada and Eastern N. York. It is a convenient guide for those interested in railroads.

A child in this city came near losing its life, last Sunday in consequence of eating the seeds of the "Peruvian" apple.

As this plant is found in almost every garden, and as its character may not be fully understood by all, we will state that the seeds are highly poisonous.—[Portland paper.]

A Cochon China Rooster, of the largest size, was sold at auction on the last day of the fowl fair in Boston, for \$30!

Crafts and wife, the fugitive slaves, have gone to New Brunswick. Previous to departing, they were married, the former marriage being null and void, according to the Massachusetts statute.

"That's a very mild cheese," said the grocer, "Oh, yes," replied an old squaw who stood near, "the berry milk—I smell an two mild."

The trial of Chaplin, whose case has been removed to the Howard district, is to commence on the 3d of May next. The bail has been fixed at \$19,000, which is thought will be forfeited. He leaves immediately for the North.

The London Times says, "We (the English nation) are actually at this moment supporting out of the public funds, the descendants of Arnold the American traitor."

THE MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL. A meeting was held last evening in Faneuil Hall, for the purpose of congratulating Geo. Thompson, M. P. of England, on his arrival in this country, and sympathizing in the various reformatory movements in which he has been engaged. The galleries were crowded with both sexes and colors, and the lower floor was densely crowded with men. The meeting proved any thing but a sympathizing one; on the contrary, it was one of uproar, confusion and disorder—discreditable and disgraceful to those engaged in making it so. Edmund Quincy presided. A history of the life of Mr. Thompson, closing with a welcome to him, was read by William Lloyd Garrison. Wendell Phillips then attempted to speak, but his words were drowned by calls and cheers. Mr. Thompson ascended the rostrum for the purpose of speaking, and was received with mingled hisses and cheers. After vainly endeavoring, for a few minutes, to be heard, he took his seat. The crowd at this time kept cheering for Daniel Webster, Old Massachusetts, Boston, Jenny Lind, the Constitution, the Union, &c., but allowed Abby Folsom to utter a few disconnected sentences in defence of the right of free speech, amidst the calls of, "You're a brick!" "Putty's riz!" "Go it, Nabby!" "Hurrah for Woman's Rights!" "Give 'em some!"—Three cheers for the Reporter of the Boston Herald!—and "Three cheers for the Hen Convention!" She having concluded Messrs. W. E. Channing, Theodore Parker, Edmund Quincy, Elizur Wright, and Frederick Douglass, in succession, made attempts to "pour oil upon the troubled waters," but it was all in vain; a portion of the audience who had good lungs, were determined to exercise them to put down every person concerned in the meeting, and accordingly it was declared adjourned, by Mr. Quincy, just before nine o'clock, which announcement was received with yells and shouts. The hall was not cleared for some half an hour after the meeting was dissolved. The centre of the lower floor of the hall was occupied during the evening by those who were determined to cry down Thompson and those who got up the meeting, and they succeeded. During the evening, "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," were whistled by an amateur band; and three groans were given for that burly, beef-eating old gentleman, John Bull. A call was made for "three cheers for law and order," which was received with cheers and hisses. A large party were evidently there to "have a time," and they had it. [Atlas.]

Whoever has observed carefully, says the New-Yorker, will have noticed a tendency among young men of the day, in speaking of female character, to decry it in general terms. To many of these wholesale libelers virtue in the female character is a fable. This volatile and base judgment is unquestionably more a result of gross habit than conviction. If every young man, when he takes the name of a woman on his tongue, or feels the evil propensity of slander instinctively in his heart, would reflect that he has a mother, and perhaps sisters and a wife, all of whom, near and dear, are women, he would pause before he breathed the basest calumnies. If these apologies for men who thus slander the sex to whom they owe life and all its decencies were intelligent and sincere in their habit of slander they would merit every being's contempt.

The liquor trials which created so much of a stir, at Canaan, in Sept. last, have been adjourned to this place. The cases were opened at Washington Hall, on Monday of last week. It was contended by the counsel for the defendants, that the court had proceeded illegally in adjourning from Canaan to another place, and the day was spent in discussing that point, when it adjourned to meet at this place again, on Monday next. The court will then give a decision upon the question of legality, which is in dispute.

A villainous attempt was made during the session of the court to blow up the hall, quantities of powder having been discovered (in season to prevent it) deposited under its lower floor.—[People's Press.]

THE CONSPIRACY CASE.—The Attorney General, at the present term of the Supreme Court, entered a *nolle prosequi*, in the Case, *State versus Asa Walker and Caleb Page*; inasmuch as the decision of that Court upon the points of law involved, as pronounced last June, rendered it impossible to prosecute the case farther. The Whig says:

It will be recollected that the conspiracy charged was the prosecution of Levi R. Gray, of Oldtown, for selling spirituous liquors in violation of the Statute of 1846, and that the legality of the Penobscot Temperance League was drawn in question. At the trial in the District Court, Judge Hathaway ruled that the League was an unlawful combination, and, in effect, instructed the jury to find the defendants guilty, they admitting that they acted under and on behalf of the League. To these instructions the defendants excepted; and the Supreme Court, at its last term in June sustained the exceptions, set aside the verdict, and ordered a new trial.—[Bangor paper.]

The value of slaves has risen considerably in St. Louis since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. The Intelligencer, of that city, notices sales of slaves where the prices were much larger than usual, and then adds:

We should state that none of the men or girls mentioned above were bought in by their old masters, as might possibly be inferred from the high prices they brought. In connection with this, we would remark, that we have observed a rapid and great increase in the value of slave property during the past three or four months. In the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, whereby slave owners have been rendered so much more secure with their property, we may trace probably the cause of the greater increase during the past few weeks.

TRUE HEROISM. On the occasion of the late breaking down of the tressel-work over the Wateree, on the line of the Camden Railway, a conductor, fearing that a passenger train that was approaching would run into a chasm, wounded as he was, crawled along the broken timber a considerable distance, and succeeded in making signals, which prevented any subsequent disaster. This is a real act of heroism, exhibited under circumstances of a peculiarly trying nature, yet nobody thinks it worth while to learn the name of the actor. It is vaguely given, with a "we believe his name is Spell." Had he been a military hero, who had destroyed a thousand lives, his name and his fame would have been blazoned abroad, and inscribed upon the pages of history.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

FROM THE ARCTIC REGIONS. Several carrier-pigeons which Sir John Ross took out with him have returned to Ayr, having flown probably 2000 miles, but like many sea-captains, they brought no papers. One had lost a leg on the way. These pigeons were to be sent in case any intelligence was received from Sir John Franklin, or in case Ross's ships became entangled in the ice. Further intelligence is anxiously waited for.

